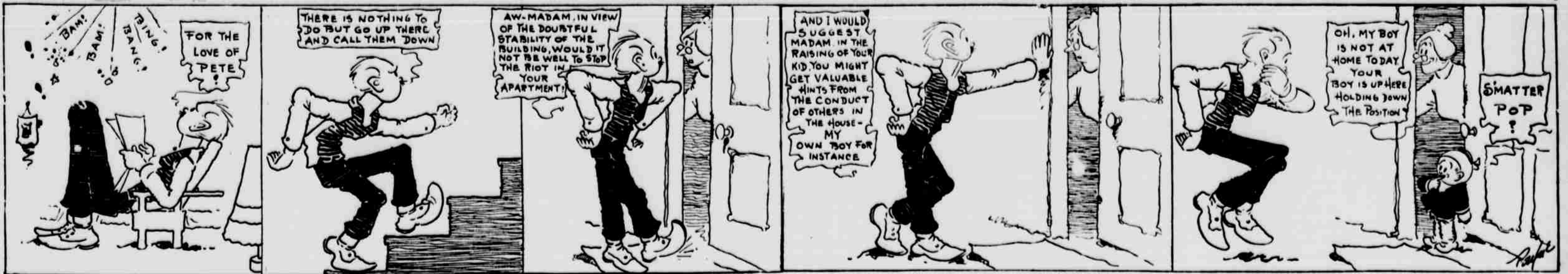


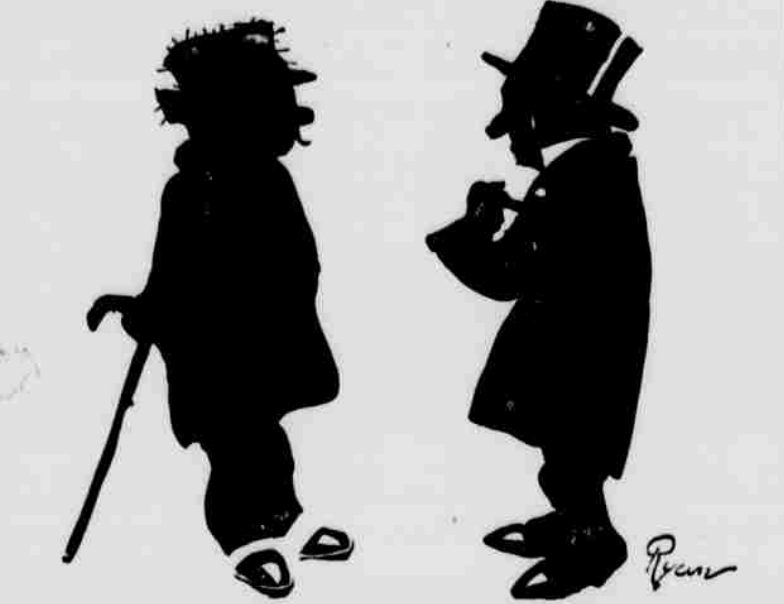
"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne



Darktown Doings



"I found a pearl in an oyster last evening."
"My, you're lucky. What did you get for it?"
"A broken tooth and a jeweller's bill for \$2 for telling me the pearl was no good."

The Day's Good Stories

"Drove" a Bargain.
THE city man had turned his horse out to pasture last night, and as he had not been in town, he had not paid the farmer a cent during that time.
Not long ago the farmer's patience was exhausted and he informed the city man that he proposed selling the animal to pay for its keep.
"You owe me more than the horse is worth now," said the farmer.
The city man considered for a minute. Then his face brightened up.
"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You keep the horse two months longer and you can have him."
The city man thought he had driven a hard bargain.—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

Dangerous Explanation.

"H. V. Munday, Murderer," shouted some one from one of the buildings as the St. Patrick's parade was passing. One-half of the parade stopped and looked up. "I mean Mike Murphy," returned the same stentorian voice, then the other half looked up.—*National Monthly.*

A Poser.

IT had been explained to a man that mathematics, physics, ethics and gymnastics "is" the plural form bothered him until somebody said: "Well, did you ever hear of a mathematician, a physicist, an ethicist or a gymnast?" The doubter retired in confusion, but came back triumphantly from retirement after a while. "Say, you were wrong," said he. "I tell me the singular of dandruff."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Eloquent Stump Speaker.

ANDREW CARNEGIE was talking about the horrors of war—battles that he has done so much to end forever.
"Once, at the height of the civil war," he said, "two men at a railway station saw a carload of wooden legs descend for a military hospital."
"Those wooden legs," said the first man, "are a rather eloquent protest against war, aren't they?"
"Yes," agreed the other, "they are what you might call stump speakers."—*Pittsburgh Courier-Times.*

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

The Chaparron Question.

SHOULD a girl receive her men callers unchaperoned? In America, the answer is nearly always "Yes." It is at once the result of our trust in our young women and of their own independence that they are allowed to play hostesses unguarded.
But, girls, may I make one little suggestion? The first time a young man comes to see you, introduce him to your mother, unless she already knows him. She need not stay in the room during the entire call, but she should remain for the first part of it, joining in the general conversation.
The right sort of young man will respect you for this, your mother will be pleased with your deference and you yourself will have the benefit of her protective interest.

Paying in Fare.

"T. L." writes: "Is it proper to thank a gentleman when he pays a lady's fare?"
Yes, unless he has invited her to go out with him. Then it is understood that he pays all expenses, and she reserves her thanks until the end of the outing.

"L. J." writes: "How can I convince my fiancée that I truly love him? He is many years older than I."
Show him that you prefer his company to that of any one else.

"A. R." writes: "How can I win the love of a young man whom I like very much and with whom I have been corresponding for some time?"
You can do nothing except be yourself. He must take the initiative in love-making.

"H. L." writes: "Does not a man think less of a girl who permits him to kiss her, although she does not love him?"
Yes, he is apt to have a less respectful opinion of her.

"K. G." writes: "I am engaged to a young widow. Have I the right to ex-

pect her full love or is she justified in continually commending on her former marriage?"
If she cannot forget the past for you, she ought not to promise to be your wife.

Walk on the Outside.

"H. J." writes: "When a young man is walking with two young ladies should he walk between them or on the outside?"
In walking with a lady or ladies a man should always take the position nearest the curb.

"J. W." writes: "A young lady promised me her picture, then because I didn't remind her of it she didn't save it for me. She said she didn't think I wanted it as long as I didn't ask. Which of us is right?"
The young lady should have kept her promise to you.

"H. S." writes: "Is it proper to ask a young man to go to school with him and have him again?"
You should wait till he asks permission to call.

"J. E." writes: "I have just met a young girl with whom I have fallen

G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t!

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By Ferd G. Long

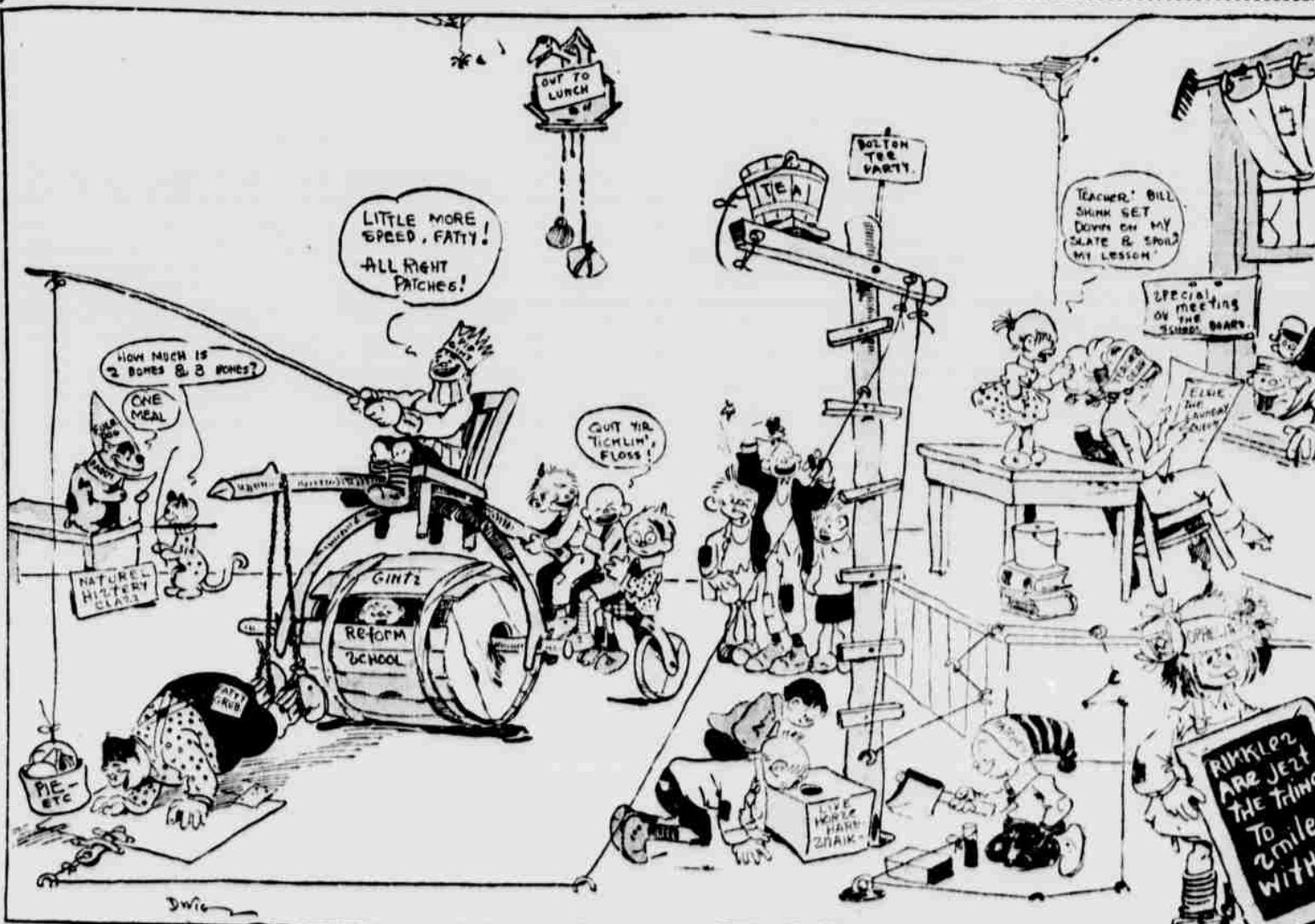


Schooldays

Follow the String!

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By Dwig



Silhouette Sayings



"Is your husband considerate?"
"So much so he doesn't come home at night for fear he'll wake me up."

The Papers Say

By John L. Hobbles

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BLAZES in Wall Street are not bank failures shot the president. Why kill the bank President? He had something to live for. The man should have committed suicide.

Over one hundred writers have made Roosevelt's position in politics perfectly clear.

"Dog trained to deliver packages and collect tips." This convinces us that it is not exactly proper to classify tip collecting as one of the arts.

"Husband kills man who marries wife." Would that be suicide, or would it not?

The fact that a man by the name of Weatherspoon is connected with the Weather Bureau probably explains the mess of climate we have had dished out to us the past week.

"The girl was sent to the House of Detention." The man was turned loose to find him another girl. This is a free country and we men are in favor of freedom.

A man who lost his money in a

"A new water works building is being erected in Denver." This is not an original idea; they are copying after our own Wall Street.

Bailey has observed that there is nothing so certain as taxes, nor uncertain as Texas.

"Butter is 12 cents a pound." We do not hesitate in accusing the dairymen of milking the Golden Calf.

The girl laundry workers are required to toil ten hours a day on starvation wages, but a complete and exhaustive investigation is being made, after which the girls will have to work only ten hours a day on starvation wages.

But the Legislature is not blind to the needs of the laundry workers. A bill has been introduced requiring nine-foot bed sheets, which will give the girls a better opportunity to earn their salaries.

New York Streets, And How They Receive Their Names.

NO. 14-BAXTER STREET.
BAXTER street was the discovery of a New York street name. It was one of the most notorious streets in this district and it gained a reputation that was anything but desirable.

There was an effort to reform the street, and, as one story in the past direction, the city resolved to change its name.
This was a little while after the Mexican War. One of the war's heroes was a New Yorker, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Baxter. He was a leading spirit in the assault on Chapultepec, where he received a mortal wound.
Baxter's body was brought back to New York and was honored by a public funeral at the City Hall, after which it was buried in the Mexican War Section at Greenwood Cemetery.
To honor a brave man further and to lift the odium from an unpleasant highway, the authorities changed "Orange" street to "Baxter" street.
It is not on record that the change of name brought any immediate effect on the street. Nor, perhaps, does any person in five thousand nowadays who passes through that busy thoroughfare, realize that it was named to commemorate the deeds of a gallant man. Baxter's name and fame have long since faded from the memory of the public at large. Two men out of three, perhaps, count Baxter street merely as a noted marketplace for cheap clothing.

Did You Ever Hear of Harnessing a Shark?

THIS shark's jaws are held open to the fullest extent, a sharp, eight-foot star of tough timber, four inches by four inches, is cemented, as it were, in the shark's mouth. A strong rope is fastened from the end of the star to a heavy chain and is thus the shark's harness.
The clasp of the order jaws divides the two-inch long teeth deep into the rough star. The tight line holds it in place, and, as the shark opens its mouth to make the star an inch from its position.
Bitten and broiled, with keen whetting, he swam through a flutted sea in never-ending furious circles. The queer furnishings he bore scared away others of his kind, says the Wide World Magazine. Lonely and silent he passed like Cain among the fishes till starvation and sheer misery ended his existence.
Of course it was. But surely, like the venomous snake, the shark has long put himself beyond the pale of human mercy. Soft-hearted as he usually is, the sailorman has a long memory. The shark has followed for weeks in the shadow of his ship, and has watched each man of the crew with greedy, malevolent eye. There is a heavy dose against all the shark tribe for many a lost mariner, and, when the chance comes to settle old scores, the sailor pays it to the full. Besides the thing has the sanction of immemorial custom. It was some old Phoenician, trading out of Tyre to the far Casabulides, who, probably, first put the trick in practice.